

THE  
SONGS  
IN

JACK

THE  
GYANT QUELLER.

A. N.  
ANTIQUE HISTORY.

---

By HENRY BROOKE, Esq;

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The SECOND EDITION.

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DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-Street*.  
M DCC XLIX.

(Price a British SIX PENCE.)

## Dramatis Personæ.

Prince,	Mr. Dyer.
Gillyflower, his Sister,	Mrs. Storer.
Jack Good,	Mrs. Lampe.
Dorothy Good, his Mother,	Mrs. Vincent.
Grace Good, his Sister	Mrs. Mozeen.
Plutus, or Wealth,	Mr. Dyer.
Galligantus, or Power,	Mr. Morris.
Rumbo, or Violence,	Mr. Sparks.
Blunderbore, or Wrong,	Mr. Barrington.

Noblemen, Courtiers, Beggars, &c.



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THE  
Songs in the GIANT QUELLER.

ACT I.

AIR I. Sung by Peasants,

Tune, At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure.

**T**HE Laws they were made for the Little,  
The Laws they were made for the Little,  
Chorus. In the Hands of the Strong,  
All Ties that belong  
To Justice and Honour, are brittle.

The Laws they were made for the Little, &c.  
Chorus. Though Churchmen may preach,  
And Philosophers teach,  
The Great are not sway'd by a Tittle,

The Laws they were made for the Little, &c.  
Chorus. It is not by Right,  
But by wrong-doing Might,  
That Giants still gain their Acquittal,  
It is not by Right, &c.  
That Giants still scape a Committal.

Da Capo Chorus.

The Laws they were made for the Little, &c.  
In the Hands of the Strong,  
All Ties that belong  
To Justice and Honour, are brittle.

AIR

**A I R II. Sung by Rumbo and Blunderbore.**

Tune, A Country Lad I am, and my Name is Jemmy.

Blund. Odso, I do begin,

To think the Rascal's Bamming,

Rum. Keep ill Words within,

And wisely save a Slamming;

Blund. Why, my Bully Buff,

Do you think I fear you?

With your Cock and Huff?

Rumb. Friend if I was near you.

Blund. Caution guides the wise,

In the midst of Joking;

Rum. Think what Wrath may rise,

If you grow provoking;

Blund. Your Bones I'd mill, and fry

In your greasy Marrow.

Rum. You lye.

Blund. You lye.

Rum. You lye.

Blund. Sirrah.

Rum. Sirrah.

Blund. Sirrah.

**A I R III. Sung by Plutus.**

Tune, Solemn Musick.

This scepter'd Hand all Nations own,

All Religions hold divine :

I the King of every Throne,

I the God of every Shrine.



Gold is every Woman's Lust,  
 Gold is every Man's Desire,  
 Gold the covert Patriot's Gust,  
 Kneel, my Sons, and own your Sire,

A I R IV. Sung by Plutus.

Tune, Moll Roe.

Would you silence a patriot Committee,  
 Touch their Lips with your magical Wand;  
 Through the Country, and Senate, and City,  
 'Tis the Key and the Lock of the Land.  
 Chorus.] Thro' the Country, and Senate, and City,  
 'Tis the Key and the Lock of the Land.

Take a Piece of this same from your Coffer,  
 Display to the Voter your Pelf;  
 And the Wretch having nothing to offer,  
 Will frugally sell you —— himself.  
 Chorus.] And the Wretch, &c.

'Tis a Shot for the Fowl of all Feather,  
 A Bait for the Gust of all Fish:  
 To this every Gudgeon will gather,  
 And plump----ready drest, in your Dish,  
 Chorus.] To this every, &c.

If the Booby, your Pupil, so dull is,  
 He scarce can remember his Name;  
 Yet his Mouth it shall open like Tully's,  
 When fed with a Spoon of this same.  
 Chorus.] Yet his Mouth, &c.

Though

Though a Rascal, a Bear, and a Blockhead,  
 Unconscious of Mood, or of Tense ;  
 This plastic Receipt in your Pocket,  
 Gives Grace, Figure, Virtue, and Sense;  
 Chorus.] This plastic Receipt, &c.

'Tis Gold that all Women bewitches,  
 Though wrinkled, and thinner than Lawn ;  
 If you get but the Pence in your Britches,  
 You'll want neither Beauty---nor Brawn.  
 Chorus.] If you get but the Pence, &c.

In the Courts should your Cause be disjointed,  
 Let not that sink your Spirits one Peg ;  
 With the Oil of this Nostrum anoint it,  
 'Twill make it as right as my Leg.  
 Chorus.] With the Oil, &c.

Would you get a fat Church in your Clutches,  
 Tip my old gouty —— the Wink ;  
 At the Token, he'll cast off his Crutches,  
 And dance to the Tune of old Chink.  
 Chorus.] At the Token, &c.

Old Saints will for this sell their Manuels ;  
 O'er this, at your sovereign Nod,  
 Old —— will skip like young Spaniels,  
 And Cardinals kiss you this Rod.  
 Chorus.] Old ——, &c.

To study aught else is but Nonsense,  
 From hence all Philosophy springs ;  
 'Tis the Crown, Beauty, Cause, and good Conscience  
 Of Priests, Ladies, Lawyers, and Kings.  
 Chorus.] 'Tis the Crown, &c.

## A I R V. By Plutus.

Tune, Peggy Benson.

In the Church, where our dignified Doctors you find,  
 Such holy Men refrain, Son ;  
 For uplifted by us, and our Offices kind,  
 Their sanctify'd Pride they sustain, Son.  
 Chorus.] For uplifted by us, &c.

Let Governors thrive, and each King on his Throne,  
 In Peace and Plenty reign, Son ;  
 Till you find that by Talents, and Virtue alone,  
 One Man shall to Honour attain, Son.  
 Chorus.] Till you find, &c.

Let Party in turbulent Senates debate,  
 Nor matters it who shall gain, Son ;  
 Till you find that one Act, for the Good of the State,  
 Hath enter'd in either's Brain, Son.  
 Chorus.] Till you find that one Act, &c.

Let the Law be your Care, not a Tittle retrench,  
 But support each ——— in his Station ;  
 For they, as our substitutes, sit on the Bench,  
 To decide the Affairs of the Nation.  
 Chorus.] For they, as our Substitutes, &c.

In Cities, though Czars of a pitiful Sphere,  
 Would you know, who would be our Relation ;  
 'Tis the Alderman's Worship, and sudden Lord  
 Mayor,  
 Who struts thro' his yearly Creation.  
 Chorus.] 'Tis the Alderman's, &c.

Each



Each Fox-hunting Justice, and Landlorded Youth,  
 Are prone to your Point, when they may, Son;  
 For these too, are little Grand Seignors, forsooth,  
 And Giants, each one, in his Way, Son.  
 Chorus.] For these too, &c.

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## A C T II.

A I R VI. Sung by Dorothy.

Tune, If all the fair Maids, &c.

Ambition, like Jack-o'-the-Lanthorn, bewitches,  
 Ambition, like Jack-o'-the-Lanthorn, bewitches,  
 And leads you benighted thro' Dirt and thro' Ditches,  
 And leads you benighted, &c.

Doll, doll, &c.

Your griping for Gold, a beggarly Itch is,  
 Your griping for Gold, &c.  
 And Virtue, tho' humble, looks down upon Riches,  
 And Virtue, &c.

Doll, doll, &c.

Your Great Men, and StateMen, the higher their  
 Pitch is,

Your Great Men, and State Men, &c.  
 By climbing, the broader they shew us their Britches,  
 By climbing, &c.

Doll, doll, &c.



## A I R VII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, There were three wise Welchmen.

Thro' all the World your Davids still pull'd Goliath  
down,

And little were your mighty Men, your Men of great  
Renown :

Tho' Tiney be your Lap-dog, he'll chase a lusty Flock,  
And Giants, to your Jacky, are but Ganders to a Cock.

## A I R VIII. Sung by Grace Good.

Tune, Dole and Woe fa' our Cat.

For often my Mammy has told,

And sure she is wond'rous wise,

In Cities, that all you behold,

Is a fair, but a faithless Disguise :

That the Modes of a Court Education,

Are Train-pits, and Traitors, to Youth ;

And the only fine Language and Fashion,

A Tongue---that is foreign to Truth.

Where Honour is barely an Oath,

Where Knaves are with Noblemen class'd,

Where Nature's a Stranger to both,

And Love, an old Tale of Times past ;

Where Laughter no Pleasure dispenses,

Where Smiles are the Envoys of Art,

Where Joy lightly swims on the Senses,

But never can enter the Heart.

Where Hopes, and kind Huggs, are Trepanners,

Where Virtue's divorc'd from Success,

Where Cringing goes current for Manners,

And Worth---is no deeper than Dress ;

B

Where

Where Favour, creeps lamely on Crutches;  
 Where Friendship, is nothing but Face,  
 And the Title of Duke or of Ducheſs,  
 Is all——that entitles to Grace.

A I R IX. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Loughaber.

Farewell to my Gracey, my Gracey ſo ſweet,  
 Though parting is painful, how pleaſant to meet!  
 Thy Jacky will languish, and long for the Day,  
 That ſhall kiſs the dear Tears of his Siſter away.  
 Tho' Honour in Groves of tall Lawrels ſhou'd grow,  
 And Fortune in Tides ſhould eternally flow,  
 Nor Honour, nor Fortune, ſhall Jacky detain,  
 But he'll come to his Siſter,---his Gracey again.

Again at our Door, in the Morning of Spring;  
 To ſee the Sun riſe, and hear Goldfinches ſing;  
 To rouse our Companions, and Queens of the May,  
 In Copſes to gambol, on Meadows to play  
 At Questions and Forfeits, all ring'd on the Graſs,  
 To gather freſh Chaplets, each Lad for his Laſs;  
 To Whoop and to Hide, and play Tigg on the Plain,  
 Thy Jack ſhall return — to his Gracey again.

Or alone, in his Gracey's ſweet Company bleſs'd,  
 To feed the young Robins that chirp on the Neſt,  
 To help at her Med'cines and Herbs for the Poor,  
 And welcome the Stranger, that ſits by the Door:  
 At Night, o'er our Fire, and a Cup of clear Ale,  
 To hear the Town News, and the Traveler's Tale;  
 To ſmile away Life, till our Heads they grow hoar,  
 And part from my Sheep, and—my Gracey no more.

A I R

## A I R X. Sung by Grace Good. A

Tune, Oroo Dremendoo.

O now, with my Jacky, my own sweet Boy,  
Farewell to the tasteless Acquaintance of Joy ;  
To a Heart so o'erladen, all Sorrows are meet,  
Misfortunes are welcome, and Mourning is sweet.

Away, ye Companions, of daily Delight,  
And Pastimes that gently could steal on the Night ;  
Away, ye fond Sports of the Wake and the Fair,  
Your Pleasures are vanish'd, no Jacky is there.

Of the Ball, and the Hurling, the Dance, and the  
Race,  
His Skill was the Victor, his Person the Grace ;  
The Maids, they would kiss him from Head to Knee,  
And wish, they had all been his Sisters like me.

The Streams and the Woodlands, the Green and  
the Glade,  
Where we frisk'd with our Kids, with our Lambkins  
we play'd,

Say your Jacky was here, and your Jacky was there,  
But where is my Jacky, now tell me—O where?

Thus ev'ry dear Scene of our usual Delight,  
To my Mind still recalls him, but not to my Sight ;  
The Trees they all droop, and the Meadows look  
lone,  
For while lily lily loo——my Jacky is gone.

A I R.



A I R XI. Sung by Dorothy Good,

Tune, Grania Meuel,

Though Passions contend, and Afflictions storm,  
And shake the frail State of our human Form;  
If Virtue the Base of our Pile sustain,  
Affliction shall rage, and assault in vain,

The Path, for the Steps of all Mortals, made,  
Is simply to follow, where Truth shall lead,  
Nor thou, from its Rectitude, turn aside,  
All else, let Hereafter, and Heav'n provide,  
Nor thou, from thy Rectitude, turn aside,  
The Lot of Hereafter,---let Heav'n decide,

A I R XII. Sung by Beggars,

Tune, And a Begging we will go,

However some in Coaches, on Barrows some may beg,  
'Tis Want that makes the Mendicant, and not the  
wooden Leg.

When a Begging they do go, &c.

'Tis thus by greater Poverty, that Nobles grow  
renown'd,

For where we want a Penny, State Beggars want a  
Pound,

And a Begging they will go, &c.

Your Courtiers beg for Honour,---and that's a Want  
indeed,

As many should for Honesty,---but will not own  
their Need,

Tho' a Begging they should go, &c.

Your



Your Vizier begs for Subsidies, your Party-Man for  
Place ;

Your Churchman for a Benefice,-----but not a Man  
for Grace.

When a Begging they do go, &c.

Thus all from Rome to London, are of the Begging  
Train,

But we who beg for Charity, are those who beg in  
vain,

Yet a Begging we must go, &c.

A I R. XIII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Hye let's away to the Wedding.

When the Heir has attain'd the wish'd Hour,

Of laying his Dad in Ground ;

And sees the seal'd Bags in his Power,

Old Hoardings of Pound on Pound ;

What Poor do you think in waiting,

All gaping to seize his Store ?

A Train of his own creating,

His Pleasures, that starv'd before.

My Friends, how facetiously droll, is

Your Suit to our Ladies fair !

Alas, from their own poor Follies,

How think ye that they can spare ?

Against such Intruders, on Hinges,

Still turns the forbidding Door,

For Vanity, eats up the Indies,

And hungers and thirsts for more.

Yet many, when Beggars are pressing,  
 Of Bounty are nothing loath,  
 The Bishop, will give you his Blessing,  
 The Officer, give you his Oath,  
 Of his Promise, to be a free Donor,  
 The Courtier was never nice,  
 And Great Ones, will give you their Honour,  
 For these are of little Price.

### A C T III.

A I R XIV. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, Swaggering Roaring Wully.

To Mortals, so sweet was Power,  
 The Bone of all worldly Strife,  
 Like Husband and Wife, each Hour,  
 They snarled and tugg'd through Life,  
 But now from Wales to Wapping,  
 As settled by One and All,  
 Like Coblers, each stands a Strapping,  
 Yet Rules within his Stall,  
 Your Commons are kick'd by your Giant,  
 Your Colonel he kicks his Corps,  
 Your Patron he kicks his Client,  
 Your Soldier he kicks his Whore;  
 The Whore again kicks her Cully,  
 Court-Waiters are kick'd at Call;  
 And all will be kick'd, yet Bully,  
 While Interest kicks the Ball,

A I R

## A I R XV. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, Pettycoat loose.

Though your Tale be so full  
 Of a Cock and a Bull,  
 Even so let it be, why so let it be,  
 But (ignorant Plotter)  
 Pray tell me now what are  
 Your Merits to me, those Merits to me?  
 Were the Worth you so vapour,  
 A Sheet of white Paper,  
 Then haply for Ease, perhaps at my Ease,  
 I had ta'en it in Hand,  
 Sir, to bear at Command,  
 What Impression I please, what Pressure I please.

When Clients resort, to  
 A Patron or Court, to  
 Solicit a Claim, solicit a Claim,  
 They first should be taught,  
 With what Engine they ought  
 To ensure a good Aim, ensure a good Aim.  
 For, if not from the Batt'ry  
 Of Int'rest, or Flatt'ry,  
 As one in the Dark, as one in the Dark,  
 At Random you shoot, Sir,  
 Nor need we dispute, Sir,  
 How wide of the Mark, how wide of the Mark.

**A I R XVI. Sung by Galigantus.**

**Tune, Tiptalera.**

If Men would but remark it,  
Through every Scene display'd,  
The World's but one great Market,  
Its Institutes all a Trade.

And in this social Chaffer,  
Each Man, as in Duty bound,  
Still labours to be the Laugher,  
And jocky his Neighbours round.

With Joy, each Jobber will own, he  
Has trick'd you in the Price;  
Like Lawyers, who for good Money,  
Give nothing but bad Advice.

Young Appetite bids for Pleasure,  
Old Appetite bids for Youth,  
Grey Avarice bids for Treasure,  
Grey Satan bids most for Truth.

But Youth, Truth, Treasure, and Pleasure,  
The Devil or what may fall;  
To Giants prescribe no Measure,  
I bid at One and All.

**A I R**



A I R XVII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, The Bonny Shoemaker.

Who will buy ?

Who will buy ?

Who will purchase, without Money ?

Gems of Price ;

Neat and nice,

Jewels bright, and Jewels bonny.

Here they are,

Each Gem a Star,

Above the Wealth the World can muster ;

In the Night

Affording Light,

Beyond the Sun's Meridian Lustre.

A I R XVIII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Pudreen Mare.

Come all ye gay Gallants, for Pleasure who prowl,  
Come all ye young Racers, who strain for the Goal,  
Come all ye stout Wrestlers, who strive on the Plain,  
Come all ye fond Merchants, who trade on the Main :  
Come all who expend your short Candle, in Quest  
Of Phantoms still follow'd, but still unpossess'd ;  
In vain ye search, wander, strain, struggle, and steer ;  
The Prize ye all wrestled, and run for, ---lay here.

C

A I R

A I R, XIX. Sung by Jack Good;

Tune, Suba roo roo.

Who'll buy,

Who'll buy?

Observe, and you'll own, Sir,

In each Radiant Stone, Sir,

Is Pictured the Virtue,

And Grace they refer to,

Will you buy, Sir?

Who'll buy, &c.

A I R, XX. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, My Miny thought long, &c.

See here, with how blithesome, and courteous a Grace,  
Your Friend Hospitality, shews you his Face,  
His Heart is as open, and kind as his Inn,  
And holds the same Cheer,—and free Welcome  
within.

A I R, XXI. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, My Father and Mother sent me far from home.

But, lo, her Wealth all spent on Want, where  
Charity's reclined,

The moving Tale of Wretchedness still rolling in her  
Mind ;

Her Sighs and Tears are yet a Fund of Bounty, for  
Distress,

And she delights to share the Woe, she can no more  
redress.

A I R,

**A I R, XXII. Sung by Jack Good.**

**Tune, Ballinamony.**

On what a firm Rock here does Fortitude fix !  
Around him in War all the Elements mix ;  
The Hurricane rages, the Ocean it boils,  
Loud Thunders are launch'd at his Head,——and he  
smiles.

**A I R, XXIII. Sung by Jack Good.**

**Tune, Eneas wandering, &c.**

Humility, her Crown aside,  
Here stoops to wash the Feet of Pride,  
Averse to all the World calls great,  
She fain would fall, and sink from State ;  
But sink and fall, howe'er she will,  
She finds the World beneath her still,

**A I R, XXIV. Sung by Jack Good.**

**Tune, My Name it is Boghil-beg-buee,**

Here Probity stands confests'd,  
His Truth on his Visage impress'd ;  
For his Face is of Kin,  
To the Beauty within,  
That keeps Festival still in his Breast.

A I R, XXV. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Past One o'Clock.

How mild is this Ruby, pale Chastity flushes,  
And tinctures with Crimson her Form of Light,  
For unconscious of Guilt, at her Beauty she blushes,  
And wraps each Proportion, and Charm from sight.  
All hush'd as rock'd Infants, all sweet as the folding  
Rose,  
Her Lips, with Reluctance, the Balm of her Breath  
disclose;  
Her Eyes look abash'd at their Brightness, yet still  
she shews  
Brighter, by veiling what'er is bright.  
Who will buy?  
Who will buy?  
Who will purchase without Money?  
Air and Tune as before.

A I R, XXVI. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Hark the Bonny Church Bells, &c.

Would you wear  
This Pearl so rare?  
Then, fair One, list to me,  
First learn the Skill,  
Your Tongue to still,  
And leave the Name  
And honest Fame  
Of others free.

Your



Your Tittle Tattle,  
Prate and Prattle,  
Rake and Rattle,  
All

Due Victims to this Pearl must fall,  
Your Joys  
In Toys  
Of Folly, Fops, and Noise,  
That Noon and Night the Toy-shop of your Heart  
employs.

The sly long Glance,  
And kindling Dance,  
Minc'd Mein, and conscious Eye,  
With Foibles, which you know,  
In shame I spare to shew,  
A Price, I fear, too high.

With Foibles, &c.

A Price, I see too high.

A I R, XXVII. Sung by Jack Good,

Tune, Bumper 'Squire Jones.

Since, Sir, you require  
Me with Freedom to tell you the Price I desire ;  
If duely obey'd,  
I must claim all your Shifts,  
Mean Resources, sly Drifts,  
And whole System of Trade :  
Each Method of waving  
Court Nets for enslaving,

Your

Your Chaffer for Conscience, by Barter and Lure,  
 State Quacks, and State Nurses,  
 Your purging of Purfes,  
 And skinning of Wounds, which you wish not to  
 Cure.

Each subtle Essay,  
 Of spreading Corruption, in Order for Sway,  
 All Projects for Rule,  
 By the Bait, and the Bribe,  
 And Political Tribe,  
 Of Trick, Traffick, and Tool ;  
 Your Court Broom, that gathers,  
 Motes, Chaff, Straws, and Feathers,  
 And sweeps up all Trash, from the surface of Life ;  
 With your Largess of Graces,  
 Posts, Pensions, and Places,  
 Where Talents and Office, are ever at Strife,

With those, I must claim  
 Your Invent'ry of Red-coated Gentry, who Dream  
 That Heroes are made,  
 And enabled to kill,  
 With the Courage and Skill,  
 Of a Dreadful Cockade.  
 A Race, who are prouder,  
 To spend their sweet Powder,  
 On Balls, than on Bullets, a terrible Train  
 Of crimp Petit Maitres,  
 Nice Seamsters, and Plaiters,  
 Beau'd out for the Dance of a dainty Campaign,

A I R,

## A I R, XXVIII. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, Come follow, follow me, &amp;c.

Come follow, follow me,  
 You Jolly Boys all, who be  
 Divested from Constraint  
 Of mortified Saw, and Saint ;  
 To Pleasure, and Prank, and Pastime, free,  
 Come follow, follow, follow me.  
 To Prank, and Pleasure, and Pastime, free,  
 Come follow, follow, follow me.

Let lean eyed Honesty bear,  
 His merited Weight of Care,  
 And Flegm, and Conscience, dwell,  
 In Cynical Tub, or Cell ;  
 But all you Lovers of Game and Glee,  
 And Feast and Frolick, Come follow me,  
 To Prank and Pleasure, and Pastime, free,  
 Come follow, follow, follow me.

The Pedanted Priest, who fain  
 Would ride, but wants a Rein,  
 To moral us into Controul,  
 Would four the Jovial Soul,  
 The Priest is cunning, but so are we,  
 Then Priest and People, come follow me ;  
 From Scruple, and Qualm, and Conscience free,  
 Come follow, follow, follow me,

A I R,



## A I R XXIX. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Catharine Ogey.

Would the Great the Flagitiousness of Little Ones  
 chastise,  
 In themselves they should commence the Reforma-  
 tion,  
 For soon the courteous World would by Precedent  
 grow wise,  
 Were but Folly once discountenanced by Fashion;  
 Of their Magistrates alone, the People still inclines  
 To a moral, or immoral Imitation;  
 And Example, above all the Precepts of Divines,  
 Is a bonny Text, and Sermon to the Nation.

## A I R XXX. Sung by Jack, Gill. and Prince.

Tune, A Cobler there was, &amp;c.

Jack. How curious to mark the Surprize of the  
 Town,  
 To see Truth elated, Dishonour pull'd  
 down,  
 Gill. All Tricks low and little, despis'd by the  
 Great,  
 Prince. And Honesty fix'd for a Maxim of State.  
 All. Derry down, down, down derry down.  
 Jack. To see Worth and Talents to Office pre-  
 fer'd,  
 Gill. The Virtuous rewarded, the Vicious deterr'd,  
 And

Prince. And the Streams of Pollution, where People  
resort,  
New fed from the clarified Springs of our  
Court.

Derry down, &c.

Prince. To see our lac'd Lordlings deserving of  
Trust,

Jack. Our Clergymen pious, our Justices just,

Gill. Our Court Ladies blush, and our Thing of  
a Beau,

A Something, beside a mere Nothing, but  
Shew.

All. Derry down, &c.

Jack. To see Freedom loyal, Elections unbribed,  
All Faction exil'd, and Corruption pro-  
scribed,

Prince. Sheer Nature exalted, o'er Masquing and  
Art,

And Dominion possess'd of his Seat in the  
Heart.

All. Derry down, &c.

Gill. To see Mirth with Innocence walking the  
Land,

Jack. And Probity taking Free Trade by the  
Hand.

Prince. And the Courts of our Law, from Iniquity  
clear,

O Jack ! what a rare Revolution were here !

All. Derry down, &c.

A C T IV..

A I R XXXI. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, I cheated the Parson, &c.

'Thro' the Nation, had Interest marshall'd my Men,  
He lately had counted me Ten in Ten,

Ten in Ten,

Of well try'd Men,

My Muster had mounted to Ten in Ten.

But Jack, at this Rate, may recover again,  
To Virtue and Loyalty,---One in Ten.

One in Ten

Recover again,

To Virtue and Loyalty---One in Ten.

A I R XXXII. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, Green Sleeves.

Were Kings and their People permitted to see,  
How nearly and dearly their Int'rests agree ;  
Adieu to our Trade, for all Statesmen would be,  
Mere Cyphers or Blots in high Station.

For of Virtue so bright and so beaming the Day,  
So broad and right onward is Honesty's Way,  
The Beetle and Buzzard might find it, nor stray,  
From the Conduct, and Weal of the Nation.

A I R



**A I R XXXIII. Sung by Jack Good.**

**Tune, Thro' the Wood Laddy.**

Of an Ailment so killingly sweet I could die ;  
For your Sight, it so charms me,  
Chills, changes, and warms me,  
That I wish, and I wish, nor know wherefore, nor why,  
And my Soul I could waft it away in a Sigh.

When absent, nor Rest nor Refreshment I find,  
Tho' alone you can cheer me,  
I tremble, when near me,  
My Senses grow all, as bewitch'd as my Mind,  
And my Eyes, on your Eyes, they could look them-  
selves Blind.

**A I R XXXIV. Sung by Gillyflower:**

**Tune, Nancy's to the green Wood gone.**

Of all the Maladies that cleave  
To Man, if that you moan, Sir,  
Which no Phyitian can relieve,  
Save only one alone, Sir,

All Sages, in this Case, assure,  
The Doctor is the *Datum*,  
In Love, the Cause alone can cure,  
A Recipe, ——— *Probatum*.

A I R XXXV. Duet between Jack and Gill.

Tune, For I will go with my Love.

Jack. For Heaven and my King, they command  
me away,

Their Laws I revere, and their Will I obey;  
To the Loss of State Trifles, no Anguish I  
owe,

But to part from my Gilly!

Gill. Thy Gilly will go,  
To Banishment with her Love—

Jack. O no, no, no.  
For Danger by Day must attend at my Side,  
And Darkness, by Night, be my Comfort  
and Guide;

Gill. In Danger and Darkness, in Weal and in  
Woe,

Still I will go with my Love.

Jack. O no, no, no.

Gill. Yes, I will go with my Love.

Jack. O no, no, no.

For Honour forbids me, however I steer,  
To venture a Gem to a Nation so dear,  
How dear then to Jacky! Death only can  
shew,

Since Death is in parting—yet Jacky must  
go—

A Thousand Farewells then in one—

GILL O, O, oh —

**AIR XXXVI.** Sung by Gillyflower.

Tune, Is she gone.

Is he gone? is he gone? unkind and cruel!  
All Grief then to Gilly, all Joy to my Jewel!  
If e'er he returns—ah, how will he deplore him!  
To find that cold Death kiss'd his Gilly before him.

**AIR XXXVII.** Duet between Rumbo and Blunderbore.

Tune, Larry Grogan.

Rum. Come, draw, Sir,  
Blun. See saw, Sir,  
Rum. This Thrust in your Crow, Sir,  
Blun. Be Devil or Daw, Sir,  
Rum. I'll tickle your Maw, Sir;  
Blun. Your Cackle and Caw, Sir,  
Rum. I prize not a Taw, Sir;  
Blun. A Fig for your Frowns, for your Strutting a  
Straw, Sir.  
Rum. No more of your Jaw, Sir,  
Blun. Nor hope that the Law, Sir,  
Rum. The deadly, dire Force, of my Fury, shall  
awe, Sir.  
Blun. Full well I foresaw, Sir,  
Rum. One Reach of my Paw, Sir,  
Blun. Would clapper and claw, Sir,  
Rum. O Law, Sir,  
Blun. See saw, Sir.

**AIR**



**A I R XXXVIII. Sung by Galigantus.**

Tune, Sheep Skins.

Tho' honest Men are found,  
 But thinly sown at most, Sir ;  
 And thro' the Realm around,  
 Our Rogueships rule the Roast, Sir ;  
 In Breaches wide,  
 If we divide,  
 We'll have no room to boast, Sir ;  
 And one ally'd,  
 To Virtue's Side,  
 Will rout a knavish Host, Sir,

Tho' Brothers in bad Actions,  
 As well as Blood, I tell ye,  
 That drunken Clubs, and Factions,  
 In Unity excel ye ;  
 Who hug the Man,  
 By brimming Can,  
 Who grows the soonest mellow ;  
 While in each Clan  
 The Partizan,  
 Is styl'd the honest Fellow.

**A I R XXXIX. Sung by the Prince.**

Tune, I have Sixpence under my Thumb.

How sweet the gossiping Birds that sing,  
 How sweet the Treasure the Zephyrs bring,  
 Light wafted on each odoriferous Wing,  
 That winnows the Breast of flow'ry Spring,

How

How sweet the Showers, with Balm replete,  
The Fawns that frolick, and Lambs that bleat,  
But O, above all, tho' all should meet,  
My Gracey, my Sweet of Sweets, is sweet.

A I R XL. Sung by Grace.  
Tune, My Peggy is a young thing.

Tho' you, like Mountain Saplings,  
O'er humble Shrubs ascend,  
Your Boughs extend,  
Not to offend,  
But condescend,  
Their Height to bend,  
In pliant Chear, and grappling,  
To each aspiring Friend,  
And o'er the Ground,  
To all around,  
A Shade, and Shelter lend.

A I R XLI. Sung by Rumbo.  
Tune, There was a Maid eat Pease.

Tho' an Angel to befriend,  
Bold Britons should descend,  
And Blifs to all extend,  
They would---grumble, grumble, grumble.  
Nor e'er would be at rest,  
From the East unto the West,  
Till from Empire, dispossefs'd.  
He should---tumble, tumble, tumble.

Not so, the Statesman spies  
Where the Point of Conduct lies,  
And instantly applies,

To

To the---Crisis, Crisis, Crisis:  
 And wisely holds the Crown,  
 And keeps Prince and People down,  
 By the national Handle  
 Of---Vices, Vices, Vices.

A I R XLII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, See Shees egus whoeslum.

Of Heroes fam'd of Yore, I  
 Have read in ancient Story,  
 Who rose from Care,  
 And cold Despair,  
 The Sons and Heir  
 Of Glory.

For tho' Oppression vaunted,  
 And Virtue sometimes panted;  
 Against all Foes,  
 They'd still oppose,  
 A Breast to Woes,  
 Undaunted.

A I R XLIII. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Yellow Stockings.

For Nature, a Housewife, who passes  
 The best of our Housewives, in Care;  
 In Churns all her Buttermilk places,  
 Her Essence in Phiols rare.

Her Buildings, tho' outwardly burnish'd,  
 When bulky, are inwardly bare;  
 The Stories below thinly furnish'd,  
 The Garret---a Mansion of Air.

A I R



## A I R XLIV. Sung by Galigantus.

Tune, Dainty Davy.

Howe'er dry Hypocrites may aim,  
 To dash with Blame,  
 And brand with Shame,  
 Our Deeds of Fame,  
 They act the same,  
 Tho' on a flyer Plan, Sir,  
 But you, and you, and he, and he,  
 Must all agree,  
 That when you see,  
 A Chap like me,  
 Bold, frank, and free,  
 You've found your honest Man, Sir.

## A I R XLV. Sung by Jack Good.

Tune, Who'll see my Galanty Shew.

I first present you a Prime Minister,  
 Free from Thought or Action sinister,  
 Publick Good his Square and Measure,  
 Himself his Country's Trust and Treasure.  
 Who'll shew me such a Shew?

Here's Humility in high Station,  
 Dignity strip'd of Ostentation,  
 Friendship here, out goes Profession,  
 Here is Power, without Oppression.  
 O the finest Shew!

Who'll see Honesty in a Miser?  
 Fops, from France, return'd the wiser?  
 Wealthy Poets, and poor Receivers,  
 Lawyers-in future reward Believers?  
 O the curious Shew!

Courtiers Frank, yet with Civility  
 Peers,——to Virtue who owe Nobility,  
 This you scarce will credit, till you see  
 Next where Piety——weds with Prelacy.  
 Such a wond'rous Shew!

Courtly Dames, with Chastity laden,  
 Widows, in Will, each Soul a Maiden,  
 Nuns secluded from all Temptation,  
 Fryars——and yet no Fornication.  
 A Pound to see the Shew!

AIR XLVI. Sung by Jack Good, (and Chorus.)

Tune, Come follow, follow me.

Arise, arise, arise!

Each Shape, and Sort, and Size

Of Honesty, where ye lye,

Unheeded, on dank or dry,

From Cottages, Sheds, and Steds, to Court

My Brothers of Worth, and Want, resort;

Chorus. Arise to Labour, arise to Play,

For Virtue dawns, a new-born Day.

To Court, to Court repair,  
Tho' destitute, poor, and bare,  
And yet unskill'd, in aught,  
Of Euclid, or Machiavel taught,  
By naked Probity, you acquire  
A Garb beyond the Silk of Tyre;

Chorus. And every Talent, and every Art,  
Is furnish'd, in an upright Heart.

Let Jollity e'en devour,  
His Interval of an Hour,  
Yet pity his transient Roar,  
For list-and he laughs no more.  
The Pleasure of Guilt, still on the Wing,  
Is like the tickling of a Sting,

Chorus. The ticking Leaves no Sweet behind,  
The Stings remains, and stabs the Mind.

But Virtue in the Breast,  
Composes her Halcyon Nest,  
And sooths, and smooths each Storm,  
That would the fair Seat deform,  
Herself most frolick, and sweetly free  
To cordial Jollity, cordial Glee.

Chorus. The Fountain of all that's blest'd and bright,  
Of orient Pleasure, of orient Light!

And



And from this mental Dawn,  
O'er Village, and Lake, and Lawn;  
New Radiance shall expand  
To lighten our dusky Land,  
And Truth, from this approving Stage,  
Shall beam through every Act, and Age;  
Chorus. And Virtue from this approving Stage  
Shall beam, through every Act and Age.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

